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your heart but you're too afraid to tell her so. The masks we must wear are truly prisons. It turns us into images, holograms. Imitations of truth. The harsh agony of knowing that no one around you actually knows you. They may have a vague outline, but ultimately they see nothing more than a photograph

Just as a god locked away in some abstract space, hidden from the world, is

the beacons of light for the lower man who seeks to overcome & overthrow

sincerity. We must remove our masks, both literally & figuratively. We must be

ultimately meaningless, so too are we. We must make a trend towards

the prison of modernity - to revolt against the modern world.

meant as a sort of spiritual camouflage.

We must submit ourselves fully to sincerity. We must give life to art, poetry, bloodshed. This is the art of overcoming. I am leaving the US military next summer. I have decided to fly to Ukraine as a foreign volunteer, specifically with a shock unit that has been deployed to the bloodiest battles of the Ostfront repeatedly. I care little about the petty politics of the war, but I will not pass of the opportunity to stand alongside other Aryans in fighting the mongrel horde of the East & their Neo-Judeo-Bolshevik masters. Further, this will be my leap of faith. This is my proof to myself that I can face whatever necessary for little reason - & so I will know that I can live & die for something worth dying for.

I can't wait to see the reactions of my family to the news, especially based on

my comrades in the military's reactions. This truly confirmed for me the old

not understand, no explanation is possible." I will break free of modernity or

die trying, a walking testament to the Left Hand Path of personal liberation. I

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By Der Einzige · Launched a year ago

wish the best of luck to anyone who will find the strength to undergo their

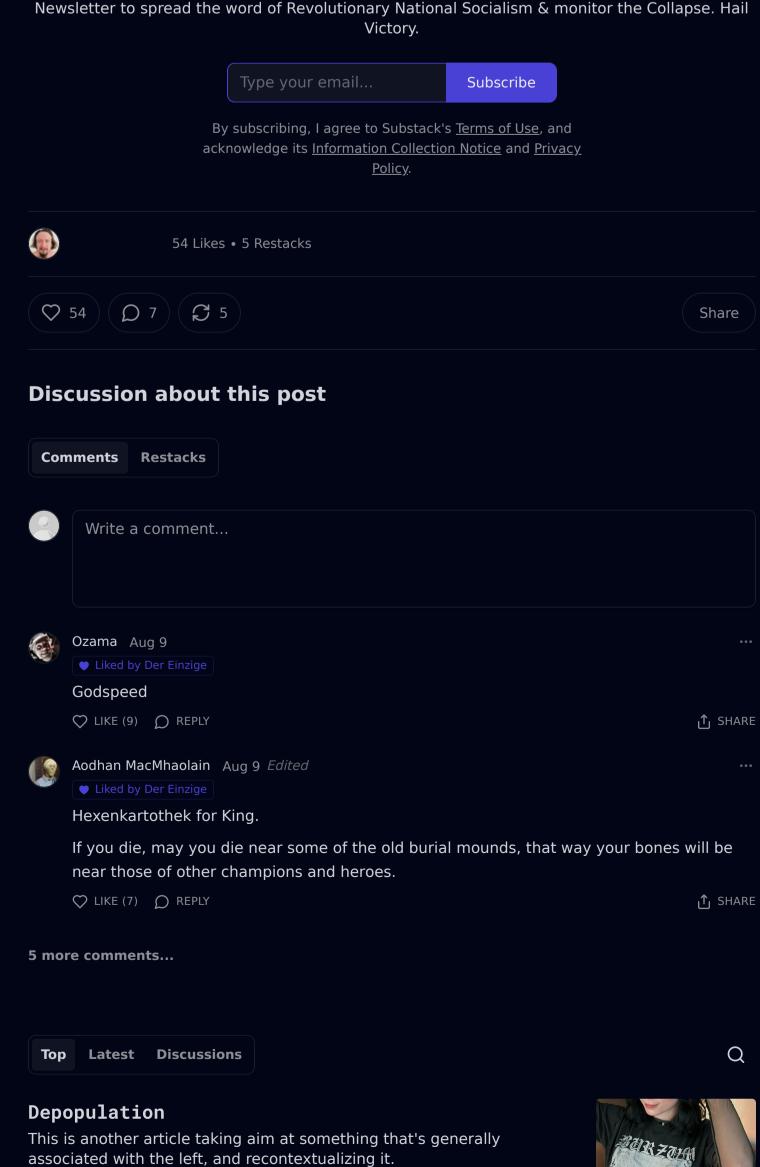
adage "For those who understand, no explanation is needed. For those who do

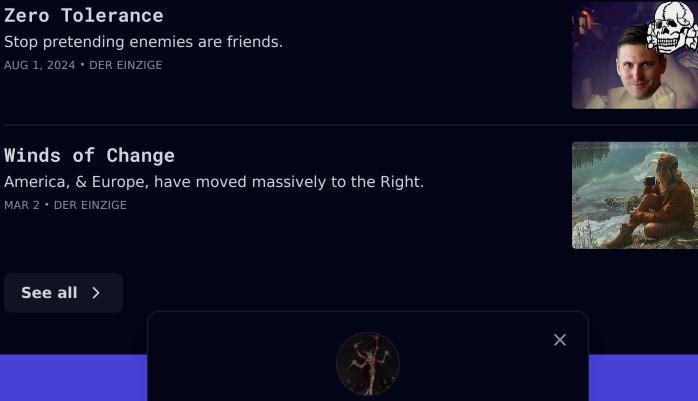
"I am homesick after mine own kind, Oh I know that there are folk about me, friendly faces, But I am homesick after mine own kind." -Ezra Pound

own leaps of faith.

Real Life Awaits Us.

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